

Exhibit K

Diane Marie Fingar

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

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In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
ELAINE E. MANDELKOW, et al.,

AFFIDAVIT OF
DIANE MARIE FINGAR

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF COLUMBIA)

DIANE MARIE FINGAR, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 16 Cedar Drive, Stuyvesant, New York 12173.

2. I am currently 61 years old, having been born on July 18, 1960.

3. I am the daughter of Kenneth John Finck, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father passed away from metastatic pancreatic cancer on July 14, 2011. It was medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

5. My father and I were pretty close. Growing up, we all lived on Long Island. When my parents moved upstate, I moved to be closer to them. I lived an hour away from them, but it was much better than being three and a half hours away on Long Island. I saw my father several times a week. We skied, golfed, and had dinners and family celebrations together. We always spent holidays together, especially Christmas, birthdays and Thanksgiving. I adopted a

daughter as a single mother, and my father was like a father figure to her. He was great with my daughter, always supportive and helpful.

6. On September 11, 2001, my father was home in Windham and had seen the World Trade Center attacks on the news. He was a retired FDNY fireman, so he wanted to do whatever he could do to help. He worked on the pile for several days to perhaps two weeks. He wasn't required to wear a mask or any other protective breathing equipment. It wasn't their priority at the moment. He also went to a lot of the wakes and funerals of firemen who passed on that day. It was hard for him to talk about it.

7. In December 2009, my father was starting to lose weight. He was eating regularly, so he didn't know why he was losing weight. He had stomach pain, and the doctors said it was probably just gas. Three weeks later, he came back from his winter trip to Florida, and the doctors ran more tests. The tests revealed a tumor on his pancreas. Another doctor in Albany ran further tests on his pancreas, which showed that he had pancreatic cancer. He was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer on June 15, 2010. I was shocked at this diagnosis. He was absolutely healthy—he worked out every day of his life since he was fourteen years old. He lifted weights, ran on the treadmill, and ate healthy. He was living a happy life.

8. When we got the news of my father's cancer, we took him to see Dr. Brennan at Sloan Kettering. The doctor said, "You'll be cured. You'll outlive me." Then, after the next set of tests came back, Dr. Brennan couldn't even look him in the eye. My dad's attitude was just to fight the cancer. He immediately started an aggressive course of chemotherapy. I would watch the people in hazmat suits inject him with the chemo that they had to protect themselves from. Pancreatic cancer is devastating. He stopped eating in early 2011, and his body began to waste away. He went from being the strongest man I know to having a bicep as thin as my wrist. He would be up in pain all night, and there were times we'd have to rush him to the emergency room. It was quite traumatic to watch him wither away. It's like drowning in quicksand.

9. As the oldest child, I always saw myself as the caretaker. I wanted to be there for him, for whatever he needed. My parents went down to Florida that winter, as they usually did, and my father was seen by doctors at Moffatt Cancer Center. I told my mom, "Just call me, and I'll come down." We drove down for Christmas in 2010, and my dad seemed in good spirits. We had a really nice visit. But when my mom called me to come down in February 2011, it was a

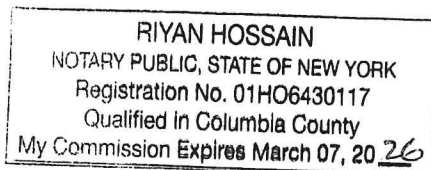
different tone. By that time, my father had really begun to weaken and needed a walker. He had stopped eating and had lost a lot of weight. I stayed in Florida for a few weeks, and then my sister came down for a week or two. The next time I went down, I spent six weeks there. I used all my sick time to take care of my father. After that, we decided to bring him back to New York. When we brought my father back to Sloan Kettering, they suggested he go into hospice. My dad was heartbroken. He didn't want to know how much time he had left.

10. My father was a good man. He gave so much of himself to many people. He did a lot for his friends and his community. He had a huge impact on my life. My dad was the number one man in my life for most of my life, as I didn't marry until I was in my forties. He was truly valued and loved by me and our whole family. A lot of people suffered when he passed away. I think of my dad often and will always miss him.


DIANE MARIE FINGAR

Sworn to before me this
13th day of ~~June~~, 2022

Riyan Hossain
Notary Public



Joanne Louise Grunenthal

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X

In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X

ELAINE E. MANDELKOW., et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
JOANNE LOUISE
GRUNENTHAL**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF GREENE)

JOANNE LOUISE GRUNENTHAL, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 41 County Route 21, Windham, NY 12496.

2. My current age is 58, having been born on April 19, 1964.

3. I am the daughter of Kenneth John Finck, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father passed away from metastatic pancreatic cancer on July 14, 2011. It was medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. I was very close to my father. We lived about 3 miles away from each other. He was incredibly active in my life. We talked every day and saw each other every day. He was involved in my children's daily lives- whether it was taking my children to school, taking my daughter to dance, or whatever the activity of the day was. We were very close, very involved in

each other's lives.

6. My father had retired shortly before the events of 9/11 and did not respond on the day of the attacks. This did not stop him. A lot of his comrades were there and involved, so he went to work on the pile on September 13, 2001. He tried to help in any way that he could. He was willing to help for as long as they needed them and ended up staying down there for months. He described what he saw to me but hid these horrors from my children in order to protect them.

7. It was years later when he started to experience pain in his stomach and weight loss that we realized something was wrong. He was an extremely healthy man. He was a health nut, ate only vegetables and good foods and worked out every day. He went for lots of tests, but they kept ruling out everything until they found a tumor in his pancreas. He was diagnosed on June 15th. I know he knew it could happen. Pancreatic cancer was his worst nightmare. We were shocked. Things progressed rapidly, and he passed on July 14 the following year.

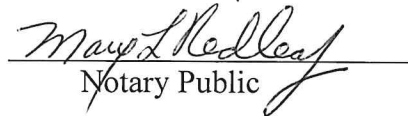
8. His illness changed everything—changed every aspect of our lives. I am now taking care of my mother, helping her where my father would have. I've had to help selling my parents' house. It was my dad who did everything. I think it was still a shock watching someone suffer the way he suffered. My kids lost their grandfather, with whom they were very close. It changed our lives, my husband and our lives, dramatically.

9. My father's illness consumed a year of our lives. We lived close enough that my husband and I had to take care of all my father's chores. They lived on a big property and had a big house, so we now had two houses to care for. My father was receiving treatment at Sloan Kettering in NYC despite the three-hour commute. When he was diagnosed at first, they didn't want to know the stage. He was treated at Sloan where they were hopeful that he could have a Whipple procedure, but unfortunately his tumor was inoperable. They started him on chemotherapy, and they wanted him to do a clinical trial. Unfortunately, it was to no avail because of where the cancer was located in his pancreas. As he got sicker, we decided to go to Florida and have him treated at Moffatt Cancer center in Tampa. Treatment there began well, but eventually things took a turn for the worst. By the end of May, they said there was nothing else they could do—they recommended hospice. We moved him back to his home in upstate

NY where hospice came to him until the end. His death has been a terrible loss for me and my family.


JOANNE LOUISE GRUNENTHAL

Sworn to before me this
9th day of ~~April~~
May, 2022


Notary Public



Mary L Redleaf
Comm. #HH038638
Expires: Sept. 1, 2024
Bonded Thru Aaron Notary

John Robert Finelli

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
ELAINE E. MANDELKOW., et al.,

AFFIDAVIT OF
JOHN ROBERT FINELLI

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF NASSAU)

JOHN ROBERT FINELLI, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 1023 Ida Place, North Bellmore, NY 11710.

2. My current age is 60, having been born on April 11, 1962.

3. I am the brother of Nicholas Gerard Finelli, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My brother passed away from esophageal cancer on June 8, 2013. It was medically determined by the World Trade Center Health Program that this illness was causally connected to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. Nick and I were very close. We were both police officers, and we talked every day. He lived in Westchester, and I lived in Nassau County. We were very, very close. We spent every holiday together. Our mother was getting older, so we took care of her. Nick was a wonderful person. Even if you called him on the phone at 2:00 a.m., he was happy to hear from you. He was a good man, a family man, and he loved his job.

6. My brother Nick, my brother Mike, and I were all involved in responding to the World Trade Center site on 9/11/2001. I was a police officer like my brother Nick. Our other brother Mike was a fireman. We were all down at Ground Zero. It was mayhem. I would talk with Nick every once in a while. I was busy working as an instructor at the police academy, so I didn't make it down to the site as much as Nick did. He was working on search and recovery, and he spent a lot of time down there. He was very active in responding to the World Trade Center site in the three-to-four months after 9/11, so we didn't get to talk much.

7. In early Fall 2011, my brother Nick called me up. He brought up that he wasn't feeling well. We had talked about his health before that, but this was the first serious conversation that we had. He told me that he was losing weight and that he had trouble getting food down. So, he went to a gastrointestinal doctor, who discovered that he had an esophageal blockage. He returned to the doctor several times. In late Fall 2011, he was diagnosed with esophageal cancer. Later that week, he called me and told me about his cancer. I went up to Westchester to see him. This was a man who was always in good shape. He never smoked, never drank, and he was about 150 pounds his entire life. The day I went to see him, he was 105 pounds. We looked at each other, and I just held him and we both cried. He said, "John, I'll never be able to eat again." I knew it would be a long haul, but I promised myself that I would be strong for my brother.

8. I wanted to be strong and uplifting for my brother. Nick's treatment entailed several months of chemotherapy and radiation to try and shrink his esophageal tumor before his tumor removal surgery. That was in the Spring and Summer of 2012. My brother Mike and I coordinated Nick's care. We would both drive up to Westchester to take him to his weekly chemotherapy appointments. Then, we would dedicate one day each week to stay with Nick the whole day.

9. Toward the end of his chemotherapy, the tumor shrank, and we had some hope. He was able to get some food down. That was going well. Nick came out to my house on Long Island with his wife and our mother. I knew he was exhausted, but he just wanted to be with family. Mike and I spent a lot of time with him. We'd take him out to a museum or out to a restaurant just to keep him busy and happy. I remember one time we took him out to lunch, but he got in the car and couldn't keep the food down. We knew then that things were getting worse. In February 2013, I got a call from his wife Lucy that he was rushed to the hospital. He

had to have emergency surgery to remove a piece of his lung. It was hard to realize that things had taken a turn for the worse.

10. Shortly after that, Nick agreed to be put on a feeding tube. They started radiation again soon after that. Mike and I went back to our schedule of caring for Nick. We both took him to radiation and spent time at his home taking care of him. We would put the liquid nutrition in his feeding tube, help him with medications, anything he needed. Then, it came time for the tumor removal surgery. We went to the hospital to see Nick, and we were sitting there after the surgery with him. The surgeon came out and said, "Nick, we couldn't remove your tumor. There was nothing we could do. There was too much tissue damage, and your cancer has spread." We went home feeling devastated. He lost more weight. I would watch him just laying in the couch on the living room, deteriorating. After several weeks, Mike and I started to talk about Nick's quality of life. One day he was laying on the couch, and I was sitting with him. He said, "John, help me," and motioned to me to take out his feeding tube. He didn't want to eat any more. I said Nick, why don't we go to the hospital, and they can help you. But he said no. We let them bring in a hospital bed so that he could die at home in peace. On June 8th, our family was there with Nick when he passed.

11. Nick was just a gentleman. He was a good man. He had a slow, horrid death. I wouldn't wish this cancer upon my worst enemy. It was a hard, hard death.



JOHN ROBERT FINELLI

Sworn, to before me this
20th day of April, 2022



Notary Public

LYNNE RICE
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 01RI6294338
Qualified in Nassau County
Commission Expires December 16, 2025

Jonathan T. Finelli

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X

ELAINE E. MANDELKOW., et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
JONATHAN T. FINELLI**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER)

JONATHAN T. FINELLI, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 92 Atlantic Ave. Hawthorne NY 10532

2. My current age is 39, having been born on May 2, 1982.

3. I am the son of Nicholas Gerard Finelli, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father passed away from esophageal cancer on June 8, 2013. It was medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. My dad was a great dad. We had a good relationship. From the time I was a kid, we spent a lot of time together doing many activities. We particularly enjoyed reenacting historical events together. We went on family vacations and had many good times together. When I was in college, I didn't have as much time to spend with him as I would have liked, but

I still saw him almost daily.


6. On 9/11, I remember that my father was a member of the New York Police Department and had to go down to the World Trade Center site as soon as it happened. I was in college and remember him being gone the whole day. We didn't see him. He spent weeks down there after the attacks, and I saw him very little. He worked a lot of overtime because there was so much to be done. He never gave me much detail about what he went through at the WTC site. He would simply tell my family and me that what he saw and went through was awful.

7. It was some time later that I began to notice a change in my father. He'd come home from work and wouldn't be eating too much. We started noticing he was losing weight. We thought, "What's going on?" He would just say, I'm not that hungry. He'd eat very little, and eventually he told my mom I just can't swallow. They diagnosed him with esophageal cancer.

8. I was working while my father was sick, but I still tried to do my part in taking care of him. I would rotate with my mother and uncles taking turns taking my father to his treatments. On my days off, I'd be with him the whole day. I didn't mind spending time with my dad, but the circumstances were unfortunate. In the mornings, I had work. I would do my best to assist whoever was with him until I had to leave. Once I was home from work, I would do the same. There were even times I would take off from work in order to help out. I was 31 when my dad passed. It was greatly impactful on me. It was incredibly upsetting and had a great emotional impact on me.

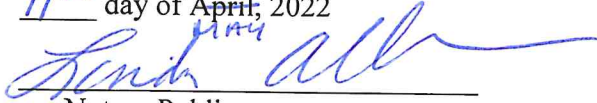
9. Whenever I talk to people about my dad, I think he was a hero. My dad was a patriot. He was a caring, good person who took care of himself and did his best for his family. He loved history, and he brought that into our lives. When he passed away, it was amazing to see all the people and police officers that came to his funeral. It's awful to lose someone to a 9/11-related illness, but if he saw what went on at his own funeral, he would've thought, "This is how it should've been done." He was dedicated to his job, his family, and his country. He was

an amazing person. His death was, and remains, a huge loss for me.



JONATHAN T. FINELLI

Sworn to before me this
11th day of ~~April~~^{May}, 2022



Notary Public

Linda Allen
Notary Public, State of New York
Reg. No. 01AL6281674
Qualified in Dutchess County
My Commission Expires 5-13-2025

Lucy J. Finelli

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
ELAINE E. MANDELKOW, et al

AFFIDAVIT OF
LUCY J. FINELLI

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER)

LUCY J. FINELLI, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 92 Atlantic Avenue, Hawthorne, New York 10532.

2. I am currently 68 years old, having been born on July 23, 1953.

3. I am the wife of Nicholas Gerard Finelli, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My husband passed away from esophageal cancer on June 8, 2013. It was medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. My husband and I were incredibly happy together. We enjoyed spending a lot of time together doing various activities. We had many shared interests. We were really looking forward to spending our retirement years together and enjoying the freedom that came along with it. After he got sick, we quickly saw this opportunity evaporate.

6. I was very aware of Nicholas's exposure on 9/11, as all NYPD officers were called down to the World Trade Center site. He continued working non-stop for several months.

He always described his experience as a nightmare, and this nightmare continued on into the spring of 2002.

7. Somewhere between 2010 and 2011, I began to notice physical changes in Nicholas, which worried me for his well-being. I took a good look at him one day and saw that he was losing a lot of weight. I knew he had been working crazy hours with a lot of overtime and thought maybe he just wasn't taking the time to eat properly. I soon noticed that he was having difficulty eating and swallowing. I knew he needed to see a doctor, which he vehemently resisted. Nick hated going to the doctor. He finally relented, and we made the appointment. After running some tests, we were told that he would need have additional testing done before a diagnosis could be determined. Nick was adamant about continuing to go to work, but the doctor told him that he needed to quit immediately. After all of the testing, we found out that he had esophageal cancer. Instead of operating first, the doctors wanted to try some other treatment options. Chemotherapy was hard on Nick and made him sick. It was torture seeing my husband bent over a toilet or vomiting into a bucket. I never saw him so sick. Nick ultimately underwent what we believed to be a successful operation, but unfortunately, it wasn't. Although Nick gave it the fight of his life for more than a year, his cancer continued to progress, and he eventually needed a feeding tube and looked like a skeleton. On June 8, 2013, he succumbed to his cancer. My world changed forever that day.

8. I had first met Nick when we were 18 years old. We got married when we were 26. He's been a part of my life for what seems like forever. Watching my significant other, the love of my life, dying in front of me was horrific. This should have never happened to him. He was a great man and beloved by everyone who knew him. I was devastated by his loss and am frankly still not over it. I miss him every day. I had to continue working since I had a huge mortgage to pay. I worked 3-4 days a week just to stay afloat. It was very difficult, and I often had to rely on my brothers-in-law and younger son to help with Nick's care.

9. Nicholas's death was a real loss to society. He was one of the best people I've ever known. He was so good, so kind, so sweet. Just incredible. That's all I can say. He never held a grudge and was always positive. He was just a great guy. I was lucky to have him, although I definitely didn't have him long enough. After 9/11, Nick always said, "They have to pay for what they did to us." He was right. Someone needs to be held accountable. It was the

only time I ever saw Nick so angry.


LUCY J. FINELLI

Sworn to before me this
27 day of April, 2022


Notary Public

Linda Allen
Notary Public, State of New York
Reg. No. 01AL6281674
Qualified in Dutchess County
My Commission Expires 5-13-2025

Michael J. Finelli

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
ELAINE E. MANDELKOW, et al.,

AFFIDAVIT OF
MICHAEL J. FINELLI

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF ORANGE)

MICHAEL J. FINELLI, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 16 Fairview Avenue, Warwick, NY 10990.

2. My current age is 65, having been born on June 8, 1956.

3. I am the brother of Nicholas Gerard Finelli, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My brother passed away from esophageal cancer on June 8, 2013. It was medically determined by the World Trade Center Health Program that this illness was causally connected to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. My brother and I always had a close relationship. He was my older brother. I looked up to him and respected him. We had good memories growing up. It was me, Nick, and my brother John all in the same room. Nick always wanted to be a police officer, that was his goal. As we grew up, he moved to Westchester and I moved to Orange County. We would talk on the phone all the time, mostly about family. We would get together, visit, and spend holidays

together.

6. On 9/11/2001, Nick responded to the World Trade Center site with the NYPD. We were both down there at Ground Zero, I was an FDNY firefighter. I would say he was probably down there for months. We were all there for several days straight in the beginning, then we would go on a rotating schedule. We talked to each other about the things we saw and witnessed. It was terrible.

7. I always noticed that Nick was pressing on his sternum or touching his throat. He started to lose some weight. I began noticing this about six months before he was diagnosed with cancer. In December 2011, Nick told me he was diagnosed with esophageal cancer. I was just shocked. My younger brother John and I dedicated two days per week, sometimes three or four days per week, during the course of the next year and a half to taking care of Nick. I would drive for an hour, 40-50 miles one way, to the hospital to see him, but I would do anything for Nick. We would take him to chemotherapy treatments, radiation treatments, and we would stay in the hospital with him. We stayed with him when he had surgery to remove a piece of his lung. He always had a positive outlook when we went to the doctor's office. During the whole year and a half of Nick's illness, the three of us brothers really bonded. We always wanted to keep positive thoughts with him.

8. The one thing is, Nick never complained. He never showed that he was in pain; he was a very strong person. Once we were in the hospital together, and I saw that Nick was uncomfortable. They offered him some painkillers, but he said no. I said, "Nick, why don't you take something to ease the pain?" He told me he was still an active member of the NYPD and their rules were that you couldn't take drugs. I said, "But Nick, these are prescription drugs from the doctor!" But still, he wouldn't take them. That's just the way he was. He was a strong guy and strong-willed.

9. There were times he caught me off-guard. One time when he was in the hospital, he called me because he needed help going to the bathroom. It was something you don't even think of—he was my brother, and I would do anything for him. He could barely eat, he couldn't swallow. Eventually, he had to be fed through a feeding tube. I would pour the liquid feed into a feeding tube for him. He knew he couldn't eat, but it was ironic because he loved to watch the Food Channel. I would sit with him and watch the Food Channel and the History Channel because that's all he had the energy to do. I remember once we got a friend to get Guy Fieri

from the Food Channel to send an autographed picture to Nick. He loved it.

10. In January or February of 2013, it was supposed to be the final hospital visit. He had completed chemotherapy and radiation and things were looking good. Nick went into surgery, where they were going to remove his esophageal tumor. When they opened him up for the surgery, they basically just closed him back up again because there was nothing they could do. His cancer had spread. I was there when the doctors told him they couldn't remove the tumor. Just to see the devastation on his face, it was heartbreaking. After that, I just watched him wither away until he was skin and bones. I remember the last time I saw him was on a Thursday. I said, "Nick, I'll see you." He said, "Mike, happy birthday," because it was my birthday two days later. He passed away on my birthday. It was finally peace for him.

11. In this day and age, most people live into their seventies, eighties, or nineties. Nick was denied those years, and we were denied that extra time with him. It was just too soon for him. Whatever I do, I try to base things off what Nick would do. John and I will sit and talk about what we went through during those times, whether there were laughs or sadness. It's good to keep a memory of him.


MICHAEL J. FINELLI

Sworn to before me this
18th day of April, 2022


Notary Public

JENNIFER LEIGH MANTE
NOTARY PUBLIC, STATE OF NEW YORK
Registration No. 01MA6429047
Qualified in Orange County
My Commission Expires Feb. 07, 2026

Nicholas J. Finelli

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

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ELAINE E. MANDELKOW., et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
NICHOLAS J. FINELLI**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEBRASKA)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF LANCASTER)

NICHOLAS J. FINELLI, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 2824 O'Neal Drive, Lincoln NE 68516.

2. My current age is 41, having been born on November 17, 1980.

3. I am the son of Nicholas Gerard Finelli, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father passed from esophageal cancer on June 8, 2013. It was medically determined by the World Trade Center Health Program that this illness was causally connected to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. My father and I would spend a lot of time together when I was growing up. He was a genuinely good, nice person and a great father. He worked for the NYPD and worked crazy hours. But when he wasn't working, he was spending time with my brother and me. When I grew up, I went into law enforcement just like him. I graduated the Police Academy in New York. Eventually I moved to Lincoln, Nebraska and got into law enforcement out here. My dad

was a great father. He was sad when I moved to Nebraska, because he loved his kids so much and wanted to be close to them. He was a good person.

6. I was 21 years old when the planes hit the World Trade Center on 9/11/2001. My father responded to Ground Zero as soon as the towers came down. I didn't see him for days after that. He was working overtime shifts and would come home, sleep, and go right back to the site. He knew that they needed him. The NYPD gave him all this equipment, and he tried to take all the precautions he could. He was wearing a respirator, but apparently it didn't even work to filter out the dust and debris. He was doing what he had to do to keep the city safe. He was adamant about not telling us what he did at work. I now know why, because I deal with the same stuff as a law enforcement officer. Sometimes, there can be horrendous situations. He was down there directing traffic and performing search and recovery. He was breathing in all that dust.

7. My dad told me years later that he was having trouble swallowing. My mother noticed that he was losing weight, because he was having a hard time eating. When he got to a doctor, they figured out what was going on. My dad kept things very close to his chest because he didn't want us to worry. My dad was a health nut. He didn't smoke, he never drank—not even a glass of wine or a beer at dinner. He never did anything that would ruin his body. He was always fit, never overweight. He was one of the healthiest people I had ever met, period.

8. He was diagnosed with esophageal cancer in 2012. It was horrible. It was the worst thing that anybody could go through. He could have lived to one hundred years old, that was his goal. He would tell my mom that he didn't want to die. We would talk about his treatments on the phone. When I went to see him, it was truly saddening. I hadn't seen him in a while. He was a healthy man at 160 pounds before the cancer, but when I saw him he was 90 pounds. It was shocking to see. He was sleeping when I first saw him, but with his eyes slightly opened. He had so much hair loss. He looked like he could've been ninety years old, but he was just fifty-nine. He looked like a skeleton. It was awful. But he was just happy to see me, because I hadn't seen him in a while.

9. The next time I came to see him, it was right before he died. But I didn't make it on time. Things started to get really bad, so I bought a plane ticket from Nebraska to New York. I didn't make it on time. I was supposed to make it there on Saturday morning, and he died before I could get there.

10. He was a fantastic father. After he died, my daughter was born only ten or eleven months later. The illness took away my father's opportunity to have a grandchild. He never got to see his granddaughter.

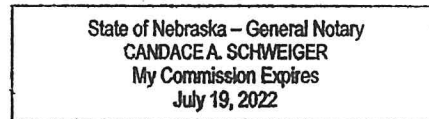


NICHOLAS J FINELLI

Sworn to before me this
13 day of April, 2022



Notary Public



David J. Mandelkow

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
ELAINE E. MANDELKOW, et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
DAVID J. MANDELKOW**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF KINGS)

DAVID J. MANDELKOW, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 340 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11215.

2. I am currently 27 years old, having been born on October 6, 1994.

3. I am the son of James William Mandelkow, Jr., upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father passed away from gastric/esophageal cancer on December 10, 2013 at the age of 54. It was medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. I was 19 years old when my father passed away.

6. My dad was completely involved in my life. We lived together, so I saw him every day. When I was younger, we would play catch, go out to movies, and even do handyman chores around the house together. My dad liked home projects, and I was always his helper, holding the flashlight for him and things like that. It always made me feel close to my dad.

7. I was very young on 9/11 and don't remember much, except having to come home from school early. I know that my dad worked for the FDNY as a Fire Inspector. I believe he had the day off on 9/11. He got called in shortly after the attacks on the World Trade Center and immediately left the house to go to help with the recovery efforts. We lived in Brooklyn, so he easily commuted into lower Manhattan. He worked down there for at least a couple of months. After the fact, my dad didn't talk much about 9/11. It wasn't "dinner table conversation." He kept most of it to himself. He knew many fellow firefighters who had perished, about twenty-five in total.

8. Years later, my father started to fall ill. He was sick for about a month. He and my mom were always going to doctors appointments, trying to figure out what was wrong. He wasn't eating much, was barely sleeping, and was always throwing up. One day in the early Spring of 2013, after coming back from the doctor, my parents sat my siblings and me down and told us our dad had been diagnosed with Stage IV esophageal cancer. We just looked at each other, not quite knowing what to say.

9. My father lived for less than a year after he was diagnosed. It was devastating for me to lose my dad. He was always such a strong, healthy person before he became sick. He was a tall man and weighed about 300 pounds before his illness. He was constantly working with his hands and was very active physically. He even built the deck in our backyard. Our neighbors and friends would always call him when they needed help moving something. He had arms like Popeye. Over the course of six months, he lost about 150 pounds. He could barely eat because of the cancer. Part of it was nausea from the treatment, part of it was a side effect of the medication, and part of it was that he had a tumor blocking his esophagus that didn't allow food to pass through.

10. Even though my father went through chemotherapy treatments, they didn't work as well as we had hoped. During his illness, he underwent a few surgeries to put in stents to drain the fluid from his lungs. Otherwise, his tumor was inoperable. He was also on a fentanyl patch, twelve hours on and twelve hours off. When he was on that patch, he was more or less comatose. He was like a zombie. It was terrible to see him that way.

11. I was in college when my dad fell ill. If I wasn't in class, I was home helping him whatever way I could. I would go to the store for him and do things around the house when he

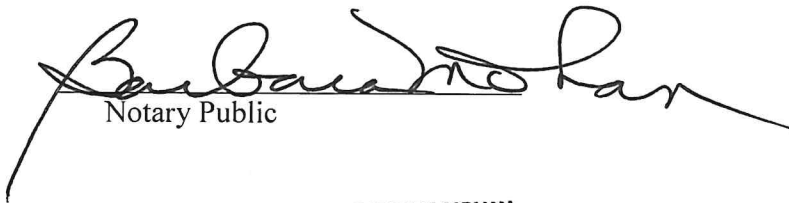
couldn't anymore. After he died, I had to take time off school. He passed away during my final exams, so I had to reschedule them. It was pretty rough. My dad was my hero and suddenly he was gone. It was awful. I also worried about my mom. My dad was the breadwinner in our family. He supported the whole family. My mom had to go back to work to support us. I also got a part-time job and tried to help out my family. So, his illness was pretty impactful on my life.

12. I truly miss my dad. I often think of all of the things we could have done together if we had more time. It was so unfair that his life was cut short. I often feel resentful that he'll never get to be a part of the lives that my siblings and I have made for ourselves. I know he would have been proud of all of us.




DAVID J. MANDELKOW

Sworn to before me this
31 day of May, 2022



Notary Public

BARBARA MOHAN
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 01MC4678043
Qualified in New York County
Commission Expires Oct. 31, 2023 

Douglas Mandelkow

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
ELAINE E. MANDELKOW, et al.,

AFFIDAVIT OF
DOUGLAS MANDELKOW

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00315 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF KINGS)

DOUGLAS MANDELKOW, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 11 Bay 34th Street, Apt 2R, Brooklyn, New York 11214.

2. I am currently 32 years old, having been born on September 28, 1989.

3. I am the son of James William Mandelkow Jr., upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father passed away from gastric cancer on December 10, 2013. It was medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. My father was very involved in my life. He was a role model to me, and I owe my moral compass to him. Because of my father, I know how to treat people with respect. My father was the handyman in the house, and he taught all of his children this skill. We did all kinds of projects together, from fixing plumbing to repairing the deck to helping my dad out with the patio furniture. My brother and I helped my dad put up the ceiling in my sister's

bedroom. As we were holding the sheetrock on her ceiling, my brother started wobbling the ladder we were standing on, and the sheetrock collapsed on us. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but my dad scolded us for wasting the sheetrock. That's a memory that I always think back to and laugh.

6. My father was an FNDY fireman and was part of the recovery effort on September 11. Bodies were coming in from the World Trade Center site, and they were being identified at DC37, located at 100 Duane Street. His job was to help identify the bodies and notify the families that their loved one had been found. He had to make those hard calls. He worked there consistently for the next two days. I was young at the time and didn't understand what my father was doing, but I learned later on about his involvement.

7. In early 2013, my father and mother went to the doctor, as my dad was starting to feel some stomach pain. He had chronic back pain before that, but nothing out of the ordinary. After the first appointment, they went in for a follow-up appointment where doctors told him of his cancer. My mom came home and told us the news. My siblings and I were scared. But my father stayed positive, and he wanted to explore every avenue of treatment.

8. My dad was in the hospital often. He had a hard time eating and could only eat small bites of food and sip liquids. He was on medication for the pain, which made him sleep a lot. I wanted to spend time with him, but most of the time he'd be too exhausted to do anything more than watch TV. I remember he would fall asleep watching Pawn Stars on TV, then wake up hours later to a History Channel marathon. He went through radiation treatments too. I remember at one point he needed a colostomy bag, as he was having trouble with digestion and bowel movements from the cancer. Towards the end, he had to be more heavily sedated for the pain.

9. It was hard watching him struggle. There was definitely an adjustment period when he first got sick. He still wanted to do things that he would usually do. The toilet broke at one point, and my brother and I were tasked with fixing it. Dad still wanted to be involved, and he was frustrated that he wasn't as capable of fixing things as he used to be. As time went on, he became weaker. He started losing weight. My father was a big guy, with a very strong build. This was the same man who I saw throw a bathtub across the lawn once. To watch him wither into a skeleton was awful. He couldn't eat and had a hard time just swallowing a smoothie. I


had just started my job at the Barasch & McGarry law firm around the time he got sick. I would stay with my dad on weekends, helping with anything that he needed. I just wanted to spend time with him.

10. His cancer took a turn for the worse, and he was in and out of the hospital more often. The month of his death, I had to take bereavement leave. It all happened so quickly. That's what I learned about the kind of cancer he had—it wasn't going to be a sustained battle for years, it would be dramatic and very quick. Since my dad passed away, it's the little moments I miss. My dad missed a lot of milestones, like my sister's graduation from nursing school and my brother's graduation a few years later. When my sister graduated from nursing school, my dad's coworkers all came to her graduation. But of course, it's not the same as having him here.

11. One thing I'm glad we were able to do for my dad before he passed was to take him to a Giants game. He was a life-long fan, and he was so excited to tailgate and see a live game in the stadium. To this day, my brother and I will still watch games together and get as animated and invested as he would be, because he was a passionate fan. It was amazing seeing him watch sports. It's one of those changes that really hurt me to see when he got sick. To watch him lose the energy to express joy, sadness, or happiness as he became more ill. I miss my dad terribly.


DOUGLAS MANDELKOW

Sworn to before me this
3rd day of May, 2022


Notary Public

BARBARA TATEO
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 01TA4962776
Qualified in Richmond County
Commission Expires 06/17/2024 